a woman to fall in love with." "Oh, madam," replied the insolent Don, "my master has lived long enough to know there is no answering for the caprices of *des dames galantes"*

zyd. Madame Louise, the Carmelite nun, aunt to the King, lies dead at St. Denis. She was directress-general of all the nunneries in France, and her postage, had it not been franked, would have cost her sixty thousand livres a year. She was deformed and *intriguante.*

January ist. To Versailles at the ceremony of an installation of the Knights of the Holy Ghost in their robes. Dined at the 'Count de Montmorin's.
In the evening we went to Madame de Polignac's and the Jeu de la Reine.

When the King was ill lately and confined to his room, the Queen said, as he had no particular favourites, it was proper he should have a select society to keep him company, and asked l'Abb6 de Vermont who he thought should be invited.
"Who," replied he, "can be so proper as his Majesty's ministers? Why is it that the moment a man is named minister he is never after looked upon as fit company for his master, though he

may have been before that his daily companion?
Then he is left open to the malice and intrigues
of courtiers, whom it is his office to govern and